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A
VALEDICTORY ADDRESS,

DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

JANUARY 21, 1838,

BY

WILLIAM HOOPER,

LATE PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES

IN THAT INSTITUTION,

NOW

THEOLOGICAL PROFESSOR IN THE FURMAN INSTITUTION,

NEAR WINNSBORO', S. C.

RALEIGH:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE RALEIGH REGISTER.

1838.

Chapel Hill, January 24, 1838.

REV. SIR :

At a meeting of the Students of the University of North-Carolina, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to tender you their thanks for the able and eloquent ADDRESS, delivered before them on the 21st inst. and to request of you a copy of the same for publication. You will add another to the many obligations under which we already lie, by complying with this our request.

We remain, with sentiments of respect and esteem,

Yours truly,

D. D. FEREBEE, P. E. BRADLEY, JAS. SOMMERVILLE, WM. M. MCPHEETERS,	}	Comm.
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To the Rev. Wm. Hooper, L L D.

GENTLEMEN :

The Address, whose publication you request, is at your service, though it will need your indulgence and that of the public, for its want of unity in style and design. You know it was expected to be delivered on an evening in the week ; but circumstances preventing, and my last opportunity of addressing you being from the Pulpit, it was thought best to combine the Address with such additions as would accommodate it to the more sacred occasion. This, it is hoped, will excuse its mixed character.

I remain, with the best wishes, Gentlemen,

Your sincere friend,

W. HOOPER.

ADDRESS.

PROVERBS i, 7-9.—*The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge ; but fools despise wisdom and instruction. My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother : For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.*

It is an inestimable advantage to a young man to have a system of action. When this is the case, his course will be uniform, steady and consistent ; always governed by fixed rules, and tending towards the great object he has set before him. But the misfortune of most young men is, that they have no system of action—they are governed by *impulse*—they love pleasure and they yield themselves up to its allurements. The next day they see their error, and perhaps feel the punishment of it in sickness or in remorse. They then resolve to amend their conduct, and, for a few days, they are firm in their purpose—they think they can depend on the stability of their virtuous determinations. But presently, temptation and passion return with all their force, and they find to their sorrow that their virtuous resolutions are no more a match against the depraved inclinations of nature than the green withes were able to bind the hands of Sampson. Thus their course becomes unsteady, fitful and capricious—sometimes they are wise, sometimes foolish—sometimes honorable and dignified, sometimes groveling and base. While a young man's course is thus wayward and inconsistent, he cannot have self-respect—he cannot approve of him-

self—he cannot be happy. The better principles within him lash and chastise him for rebelling against them, and he is degraded in his own eyes. You see lowering discontent upon his brow—you see his inward vexation venting itself in unamiable tempers towards his companions, or those in authority over him. He is obliged to make the humiliating confession—

Video meliora proboque,

Deteriora sequor :

I see the right, and I approve it too,

Condemn the wrong and yet the wrong pursue.

How different the aspect and the feelings of the young man who pursues a steady system of virtue ! Upon him the sun rises brightly in the morning, and that sun is not more cheerful than are his spirits, nor brighter than his prospects. No corroding remorse is gnawing at his heart—no vicious excesses make his blood feverish, his temper sour and irritable and his countenance sad. He is cheered on his way by an approving conscience. His hopes are kept gay and his energies elastic, by regularity, temperance and industry, and by the animating consideration, that he is mounting upward—that he is constantly approaching the bright object of his desires by an undeviating course of rectitude and honor. This is the happy and honorable course, to which, my dear young friends, I would stimulate and impel you; these are the bright and cheering prospects with which I would wish your collegiate career to be gladdened and adorned. And, therefore, I have chosen the words of the wisest of men, as embodying the best advice I could possibly give you, at this final hour of my intercourse with you. The motives which those words present to the young man for

the control of his conduct, are, the fear of the Lord and the honoring of parents. The consequences that will result from obedience to these motives are depicted in the most attractive terms. The adornment of character with which they invest a young man, are likened to a coronet of gems about his head and a chain of gold about his neck. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge." If you begin with this, you will be prevented from falling into irretrievable errors and faults. We gain knowledge by experience, as our lives proceed; but unhappily, it often comes too late, and we must bear the penalty of our thoughtlessness or ignorance, ever afterwards. How happy is it then, to have early and deeply laid in our hearts the pious fear of God—a constant sense of his presence—an overawing thought constantly whispering to us, "Thou God seest me." This will do more to control passion, and to strengthen conscience, than all our spider-web resolutions. Let a young man once have deeply infixed in his mind, that whenever he sins, he insults the great God to his face, tramples on his authority, and defies his wrath—and that, on the other hand, when he resists sinful inclinations, and manfully performs his duty, the great God is smiling upon him and helping him, and will finally reward him—and this simple principle will do more to keep his morals uncontaminated, than all other motives whatever; because it operates alike in private as in public—it fluctuates not with the opinions and practices of those who happen to be our associates—it varies not with the circumstances in which we are placed—but is steady and invariable, like the movements of the heavenly bodies around their grand centre.

But it is well to enlist all the motives we can on the side of virtue; and therefore, the inspired writer brings in, next after the fear of God, a regard to the authority and happiness of Parents: "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." What a wise and happy arrangement of Providence is it, that the human race should all be distributed into families! Of how many countless benefits and endearments is it productive! But for this, all the tender connexions and mutual kindnesses of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, would hardly be known, or very feebly felt, in comparison with what is now the case. Who but must contemplate with profound veneration and delight the beautiful skill displayed in that contrivance of the author of our nature, whereby a human being, when he is brought into the world utterly helpless, has helpers provided for him as soon as he is born?—the powerful instinct of maternal love amply supplying to the infantile stranger the want of faculties to preserve itself—and rearing it up with untiring vigilance and affection, through a protracted minority, unworn out by care or sickness, unconquered by ingratitude and undutifulness. This long exercise of parental care and authority supplies to the Parent on the one hand a delightful exercise of the domestic affections, and a pleasing stimulus to action; and on the other hand, trains up the rising generation to wholesome submission—to yield an unquestioning obedience to the dictation and guidance of our Parents, when our own inexperience and headstrong wills make their sober judgment and discretion so necessary to us. By this wise and beautiful arrangement of Providence, the child has, during the whole time he is growing up to matu-

rity, the benefit of the Parent's care and wisdom, while by his love and gratitude he pays back into that Parent's bosom a rich harvest of joy. Ah! none but a Parent can feel the force of those words, "A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." Next to the honor we owe to God, is that which we owe to our Parents: and accordingly, in the Decalogue, we find, immediately after an enumeration of our duty to God, the precept: "Honour thy father and thy mother," to which is annexed the promise "thy days shall be long."

He that honors his Parents will be preserved, by that sentiment abiding in his heart, from any conduct which will bring grief or shame upon them, and the thought of their approving smile and benediction will stimulate to a course of honorable effort, and sweeten all his toils. You remember the fine anecdote that is told of the famous Theban commander, *Epaminondas*, perhaps the greatest man that Greece produced: Amidst the congratulations that thronged in upon him after he had beaten the Spartans, at Leuctra, he said the most pleasing emotion he reaped from his victory was the thought, how happy his mother would be made by his success. And is there a youth in this house, insensible to such amiable feelings? Is there a Student in this University, who does not feel his heart throb with pleasure, when he thinks that the family circle at home will be made happier by the arrival of the letter which informs them of his honorable rank in his Class, and his irreproachable character as a member of College? And, on the other hand, is there one, whose heart is not pained by the expectation, that those affectionate Parents and friends, who are indulging in the delightful

belief that he is doing well in that distant seminary—that he is coming home, by and by, to honour the family, and raise its name to more distinction than it now bears—that they are to have all these pleasing anticipations blasted, and their countenances saddened by the next monthly report, announcing irregularity, mis-improvement of time, and want of scholarship! No good mind can contemplate such an issue with indifference, can think of being the cause of overclouding with sadness the beloved group gathered around the fireside at home, without a pang of sorrow and a blush of shame. It is to this amiable and virtuous feeling that the discipline of the College appeals, hoping to do more by this means in stimulating industry and restraining vice, than by any other. It is honorable to you, to appeal to this tender regard for the peace and happiness of your homes. It is supposing you possessed of the finest feelings of the heart, when your officers act on the persuasion, that to communicate favorable or unfavorable intelligence to your Parents, will be the most efficient means they can employ of impelling you forward in a course of laudable diligence and regularity. The force of this motive must be appreciated by those who, by the stroke of Providence, have been made orphans. What youth, thus left to early orphanage, does not feel one strong impulsive consideration taken away, and that he is obliged to supply its place by the reflection that he is cast upon his own resources, and must struggle or sink?

“Fools,” says the wise man, “despise wisdom and instruction.” Surely no one present would consent to merit so harsh an imputation; and yet a neglect to improve valuable advantages of acquiring wisdom, is tantamount to despising it. It is my wish, therefore, my

dear young friends, to avail myself of this occasion, to impress upon you a proper estimate of the enviable privileges of your present academical situation, and your consequent responsibilities. Themistocles counted himself happy that he belonged to the most illustrious city of Greece. You belong to the National Institution of your native State. It is patronized by the first citizens of the State. It is an object of their frequent attention and of their annual visitation. Here their sons meet to form friendships for life, to measure their minds with each other, to rouse each other's powers by honorable competition, to wrestle for victory on the bloodless arena of elegant literature and profound science. Nations take a pride in collecting into one grand Repository the finest productions of genius, in all branches of the Arts; and when strangers come among them, they lead them to these Repositories, as the noblest trophies of national honor. But a collection of fine minds is a much nobler object of contemplation than collections of pictures and statues. The one is the creative spirit that originates the bright conception, and then seizes upon some rude mass of unconscious matter, where it may embody and perpetuate that bright conception, for the gaze and homage of all after ages. The other is the mere passive material, that has no value save as a mirror to reflect the godlike mind which brought it into being. Who ever received, from a survey of all the miracles of the pencil and the chisel, which adorn the galleries of the Louvre and the Tuileries, an enjoyment to be compared with that divine enthusiasm which dilates and burns in the bosoms of an audience witnessing the conflict of mighty minds in some great national debate! The human mind never knows and never de-

velopes its puissance, until called into glorious struggle with some rival intellect, with a world looking on in suspense, bowing before it in its victorious march, like the trees of the forest before the sweep of the hurricane. While you read the campaigns of Gustavus or Charles XII., of Napoleon and Wellington, do your bosoms ever catch the mania of military renown, and make you pant for the stern and perilous edge of battle? Let me point you to a nobler ambition! Show me your hero who makes it his pride to muster on the deadly field myriads of his fellow creatures full of life and hope, upon whose fate fathers and mothers and wives and sisters, at home, are hanging in agony, and then, with a single wave of his hand, bidding his ranks of cannon to blast all these thousands of souls into eternity, and to strow the earth with their mangled bodies! Do you admire his bright and overwhelming career? Then go and admire the volcano which whelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum under its rivers of burning lava; go and worship the earthquake which swallowed up Lisbon and Aleppo—go and pour forth your praises upon the conflagration which devoured a London or a Moscow. Yet youthful hearts must have something splendid and something grand to kindle and expand them. Come then, and I will point you to something which I will give you leave to admire, and prompt you to emulate. It is not the empurpled homicide, who finds an ignominious glory in ruling pale nations by the terror of artillery and the bayonet. It is the orator, who spreads his sweet enchantment over millions of cultivated intellects, who leads captive in his silken chains, hosts of willing minds, proud of their captivity, glorying not only in the might of their conqueror, but in the happiness of being conquered—elated

with the inspiring thought that it is almost as glorious to own the swelling hearts that can feel the force of such eloquence, as to possess the melodious tongue that distils it. So you fruit-tree, that, all leafless and bare, begins to drink in the golden beam of spring, feels the vital warmth distending all its veins, and presently bursts forth in luxuriant beauty, doing honor indeed to the solar radiance which elicited its bloom, but rivaling that radiance by its own ! If you want something wherewith to inflame your young hearts with pleasing ardour, the history of your own country will furnish the materials. View the orators of our country, who have arisen in times of national trouble, with no aids of power or family rank, by the mere force of mind and voice rousing up and uniting the minds of thousands in a general enthusiasm of liberty, making the rich man run and pour his treasures at their feet—the strong man offer his right hand to grasp the sword and his breast to meet the cannon ball—and even the timid breast of woman willing to give up a husband, a son or a brother, for the common weal. These are the glorious trophies of the mind. Here are laurels which even a christian brow need not be ashamed to wear. But will you say that such honors are high above our reach—that it is only a few minds of the finest mould that can aspire to the sublime achievements of eloquence ? I admit it : but if we have these prodigies of nature scattered through our country, our Colleges are the places where such prodigies are to be made known. These are the sunny spots where the eaglets are to bask and first try their young wings for their ethereal voyages. Our Colleges are the gardens where every goodly plant must be pushed to its full maturity

of size and beauty, and where it is to be proved, which nature intended as her magnolia-grandifloras, and which as her lowly shrubs.

This then is one grand benefit which our Colleges ought to subserve, to bring upon one common theatre the finest minds of the country. They are an intellectual *palæstra* where all the agility and prowess of the State throng to join the lists and contend for the prize, and where each athlete is sure to meet antagonists that will put his strength to the proof. The country, in this way, finds out who are her choicest spirits ; and indeed, it is the generous strife of her youthful sons that brings the native mind to its highest perfection, as it is only when billow dashes against billow that they toss their heads into the sky. Such public blessings then, ingenious youth, it is in your power to make our Seminaries of learning—Seminaries literally they will be—*nurseries*, where will grow goodly trees to adorn and to nourish the land that generates them, or the worthless bramble and the deadly aconite. Ever and anon will issue from these academic shades some master mind, on which heaven has shed its selectest influence, and on whose birth all the muses smiled. He takes his stand on the high theatre of the nation. His country listens to his voice—the phalanx of honest patriots welcome their Herculean auxiliary—corruption and venality tremble in their hiding-places, like Cacus in his den, lest his arm should drag them to light and extort their ill-gotten spoil—the vast machine of government is moved at his control, or if stubborn faction in despite of him will drive it on, he hangs upon the wheels and retards their descent, until happier counsels obtain the mastery, and the country is saved. In the

mean time, the State that gave him birth on her soil, and nurture at her breasts, feels herself more than repaid by his single fame for all her expenditures,* and his Alma Mater, as she hears from afar the trumpet of his renown ring among her classic shades and grottos, calls upon her younger sons to sing *psalms* of triumph for their elder brother, and to follow with their eyes and their steps his luminous track along the heavens. But suppose a College produces a splendid genius, only once in a century, are we to reckon as nothing in the mean time a general diffusion of scientific curiosity and literary refinement? Who can calculate the amount of public happiness produced by a taste for books. How many minds are thereby diverted from ruinous dissipation, or kept from rusting in inglorious sloth? As you disseminate a taste for science and literature, you multiply the readers of books; and, as you multiply readers of books, you stimulate the writers of them to more powerful efforts, and you breathe into them a kindlier inspiration. The theatre widens and spreads perpetually on which each genius is to figure—the delicacy of taste and acuteness of criticism, of which it must stand the test, will ensure all the vigour of thought and exquisiteness of finish which it is possible to attain, and while mediocrity is overawed and kept in merited obscurity, the daring pinion of real genius soars high above the shafts of criticism, and leaves the fraternity

*It is said that when Mr. McDuffie made the first display of his eloquence in the Legislature of South Carolina, a member rose in his place and remarked, that if the College of that State had reared no other youth, to have reared him alone was ample indemnity to the State for all its expenditures.

of critics like the rest of the world, far below in this nether sphere.

Perhaps some of you may think that a College might be made what I describe it to be, the nursery of genius, but that the course of studies is not the best calculated to improve the mind. Some may think that they could dictate a better course themselves—that so much time ought not to be given to the acquisition of Ancient Languages, and to abstruse Science. These, therefore, will neglect the prescribed course of study, and either give themselves up to indolence or rove at random among the volumes of a large Library, as fancy or accident may determine. But such persons should reflect that the system of studies usually pursued in Colleges, has been the result of the combined wisdom of the world—that men of every variety of profession and character have had a share in adjusting this system, and that it is not likely such a unanimity of sentiment would have occurred without good and solid reasons. Sometimes the Classics have been for a while exploded from the Collegiate course. It was so, I believe, in France, in revolutionary times, when every thing that was *old*, was for that reason thought to be *bad*, and when daring innovations in Government, Religion and Education, were the reigning madness of the day. But after the fever of Revolution had subsided, France returned with ardour to the cultivation of the Classics, and saw that they were an essential part of a good education. The truth is, there is so much valuable thought and so much fine writing embodied in the Greek and Roman authors, that it is my firm opinion, if they were excluded from the course of general Education, and confined, like the masterpieces of Painting, of Sculpture, and of Archi-

ture, to certain favored cities of Europe, you would see the *literati* of the world performing pilgrimages to these cities, to spend years in the acquisition of those languages which contained, locked up in them, the finest models of taste and genius that the world has produced; just as our Painters and Sculptors consider it necessary to visit Italy and Greece, to take lessons in those arts from the great masters of antiquity. All the difference between that and the present state of things, would be, that the beauties of Homer and Virgil, of Cicero and Xenophon, which are now accessible to every studious youth, whose mind is alive to the charms of composition, would then be the envied privilege of a *few* who could travel abroad, and tell to sighing devotees at home, of sweets and beauties that they must not see or taste.— A visiter to the Iliad would talk of it, as a traveller to Egypt now talks of a visit to the Pyramids.

And with respect to Mathematics, there is the same general consent over the world, that if the minds of youth are to be trained to a power of clear, consecutive thought, to the love of rigid demonstration, to a faculty of close, logical argumentation, this kind of study is admirably fitted to that end. But, independently of this recommendation of Mathematics as a method of disciplining the mind, it is the peculiar glory of that Science, that it has opened to our astonished view all the wonders of Astronomy, revealed the great system of nature's works, disenthralled the public mind of the terrors occasioned by eclipses of the heavenly bodies, and made the celestial phenomena no longer subjects of mute amazement and superstitious dread, but of proud delight at the nobleness of our capacities and of pious adoration at the stupendous greatness of nature's

architect. In these sublime discoveries of physics, Mathematics has led the way, and behold her great high priest, NEWTON, leading the procession, with torch in hand, guiding the explorers of nature thro' the dark regions of her undiscovered wonders ! I might, if time allowed, young gentlemen, thus enlarge upon all the branches of knowledge which are made successively the subjects of your study. I might show you how, after your memory, your discrimination, your fancy are cultivated by the study of the finest models of ancient genius, and after your intellectual powers have been tasked and invigorated by a manly grappling with the subtle problems of Mathematics, you are then conducted to the walks of Philosophy, both physical and ethical. Your juvenile curiosity is excited and rewarded by pursuing the footsteps of Nature into the very *penetrulia* of her temple—exploring with delight and ever new amazement the wise and beautiful laws which the Creator has enstamped on every work of his hands, and by which he binds them all together in one harmonious universe—learning in a few years what the arduous and collective labors of Chemists, and Mineralogists, and Botanists, and Naturalists of every description have treasured up by piecemeal through whole lives of unceasing research.

And, as if the external world, with all its ten thousand objects of curiosity, were not enough to fill your minds and limit the field of your enquiries, lo! another world of miracles is opened *within* you! The mind, already intoxicated and oppressed with the riches of its knowledge, drawn from *external* nature, is now called, with introverted vision, to contemplate its own mysterious and marvellous constructure—to study the

subtle and complicated movements of thought and feeling—to look into the dark chambers of imagery, and trace the nice machinery of ideas, and see in these deep foundations of the mind the embryo features and lineaments of those characters which afterwards develop themselves to bless or to vex our species. Who is it, that, upon his first introduction to the Philosophy of the mind, has not felt something of the same delightful wonder which COLUMBUS felt, when he had discovered a new world, all whose inhabitants and products were different from any thing he had seen before?

Nor are your researches bounded here. From contemplating man as an individual, you are led on by the study of ethics, political economy and law, to contemplate him as one of a vast brotherhood—all individuals as single links of an immense chain, by a happy necessity indissolubly connected with each other, and therefore subjected to various laws and obligations as members of families, as citizens of a nation, and then as citizens of a whole family of nations. It is the object, then, of these dignified and expansive studies, which meet you at your entrance upon the threshold of manhood, when your ripening intellect and your sober judgment begin to qualify you for profound and comprehensive reflections—it is the object, I say, of these studies, of Ethics, Political Economy and Law, to set before you the various relations of man to man, the mutual obligations and dependencies of all members of society, thus to prepare you to act your part with propriety; first in your little circle at home, then as patriots bound to love and serve the country, the blessings of whose Government you enjoy, and lastly, should the voice of that country invest you with her dignities, to prepare

you for Statesmen and Lawgivers, whose counsels are to affect the destinies of your own country, and even of the world.

Can you contemplate, young gentlemen, these high prerogatives for which a liberal education will fit you, and to which the exigencies of your country may call you, without feeling your bosoms swell with larger emotions, and already giving birth to the godlike resolution, that you will not, by vice or indolence, blast these magnificent prospects? Does it not fire your youthful imagination, to reflect that you are citizens of a prosperous and powerful Republic, where no invidious distinctions of Patrician and Plebeian give weakness the ascendancy over strength, and folly the control over wisdom—where mind is the empress over the million, and where a vigorous and cultivated intellect may raise you to the highest honors of your country? With such prospects before you, with such ennobling motives to excite and impel you, we should expect, instead of dull sloth or debasing sensuality, rather some excess of glorious enthusiasm—some pardonable extravagance of youthful ambition—some splendid temerity, like that of **PHÆTON** aspiring to snatch the reins of the solar chariot, before his hand had vigor or skill to manage the fire-breathing coursers. I wonder every youth who has within himself the sparks of genius, and the elements of high capability, does not have them roused into a consuming flame, banishing his sleep and wasting his frame, fanned as they are by the strong breath of fame wafting the praises of the living and the dead. The military exploits of **MILTIADES** raised such a tumult in the breast of the young **THEMISTOCLES**, that he was found walking about the streets of Athens in

the dead of night, and declared that "the trophies of **MILTIADES** would not let him sleep." So methinks, should it be with every American youth who has a so much grander theatre to act upon—not some little Attica to hear of his exploits and to resound his praises, but an empire, reaching from Ocean to Ocean, whose destinies he may be called to wield, and with whose highest honors he may one day be crowned. Oh, my young friends, cherish these high aspirations. If it is not your fate to rise to high station, resolve to deserve it. Aim high, even though your shafts may not rise as high as your lofty mark. He that aims at the sun, will shoot higher than he who aims at an earthly object. Oh! do not ye, who daily drink inspiring draughts from the Castalean spring, ever turn those lips to Circe's empoisoned bowl which transforms men into swine. Let the ethereal spirits among you not be kept down by the grosser particles, but rise to higher regions and draw those particles up with them. Let not the eagles be content like the sparrows to flutter about the hedges, but plume themselves for flight among the clouds and bear the sparrows on their rapid pinions.—It is not a selfish, mischievous ambition, to which I would exhort you. It is an imitation of your heavenly Father in diffusive benevolence, it is that love of laudable excellence which has the sanction of an Apostle's pen, when he animates us to the pursuit of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise." Let every honorable young man determine to find out by strenuous exertion what gifts nature has bestowed

upon him, and resolve to use them for the benefit of his country and of mankind. Let him place before his mind high standards of excellence, by perusing the biographies of the great and good, and let his mind thirst after valuable knowledge, instead of cramming and vitiating itself with the trash that is poured forth daily in such pernicious abundance from the press. If you faithfully improve the opportunities you here enjoy, you will have the elements of almost all useful knowledge, and the stamina of a vigorous mental constitution.—The first you may afterwards use as a foundation for indefinite future improvement, and as the instrument for future acquisitions. The latter will serve you to grapple with every occurring difficulty. I would not forbid all books of amusement and all excursions into the fields of fancy and fiction. But beware lest these seduce you from the hardy and invigorating studies of the College course. Remember, that although it is pleasing to devour volume after volume, and it is flattering to our pride to go over a great deal of ground, yet it is quite possible to do this without strengthening the mind—nay it is the very way to enfeeble the mind, to encumber it with a vast mass of other men's thoughts, without obliging it to exert itself in some production of its own. Such a man may accumulate facts, and he may be accurate in his opinions so far as his guides reach ; but put him upon his own resources, bring him into some new situation where he will have to depend upon himself, and he will utterly fail.

Indulge not then in discontent with your allotted studies, nor imagine you can strike out a better course for your mental improvement. If you do, you will forever afterwards regret it in vain. If, while at College,

you lay well the foundation, you can afterwards advantageously rear upon it a superstructure of any height. But if the foundation be neglected in youth, the injury is irremediable, for neither the time nor the inclination of maturer life will ever allow of your laying it anew.

I am happy, young gentlemen, to be able to congratulate you on the increasing prosperity of the College. Having been acquainted with it from a boy, in 1804, I am prepared to appreciate its growth and improvement. Your opportunities are far greater than mine were when I passed through my College course. The education which our *Alma Mater* now offers to her sons, is much more extensive and thorough than it then was, and I feel to this day the disadvantages of the partial and limited Education which was then given here.—The funds of the Institution were too small to provide adequate instruction. But now there is a happy change. The revenue is, I trust, certain and liberal, and each department may be supplied with necessary instruction. You will have the advantage of prosecuting your Education under an able and devoted Faculty. And in taking leave of you, my dear young friends, let me bespeak your high affection and respect for your estimable Preceptors. They are devoted to your good—their days and nights are given to your improvement. Reward them for their labors of love by growing in wisdom and virtue under their culture. No greater joy can they know, than to see you fine scholars, amiable and gentlemanly in your deportment, and of sound and virtuous principles. Let me exhort you to a conduct worthy of your station and the space you fill in the public eye. Consider who you are and what is expected of you—

Sumite superbiam quaesitam meritis.

You are not the members of some little School in some obscure corner of the Republic. You are the flower of her puberty, brought to the heart of her territory, and placed in possession of the best means which the resources of the State could furnish for your mental improvement. The interest of more than \$100,000 is annually expended upon you, and the Republic will think herself amply recompensed for the disbursement, if you act worthily of her character and bring honor to her name. She makes her chief Magistrate, *ex officio*, the head of that Senate to whose care you are confided. She bids him take care of her youth, as her choicest treasure. And when one of her Chief Magistrates withdraws from the helm of Government, he counts it no descent from his dignity--no suspension of the exercise of his patriotism, to come to these retired shades to train up the youth of the State for her future exigencies. Thus you see, young gentlemen, you are invested by your country with a dignity and importance as the national proteges, which bind you to fulfil her just expectations. She expects of you to carry hence and disseminate through all her borders enlightened minds, honorable principles, dignified manners, and virtuous morals. If you diffuse, wherever you go, these ornaments of character among her population, she will bless you, she will honor you; the University will be the pride and the joy of the State; Parents will rejoice to send their sons hither, and your ranks will be always filled with the best youth of the State. But if you degenerate into vice--if dissipation becomes fashionable--if habits of profanity, gaming, drinking and debauchery are here contracted, and carried abroad into the community, to poison the morals and taint the health of the body politic, your country will spurn you

as recreant children; the State will abhor its own University; virtuous and orderly young men will seek safer asylums for their education, and a meagre remnant of revellers will be all that will be left to this flourishing Institution! I know you would devoutly deprecate such a reverse. See, then, that you act your parts in such a manner that your *Alma Mater* shall be proud of her sons, and that her sons shall not be ashamed of their mother.

But I should ill discharge my duty as a Minister of Religion, if I stopped here, and did not urge you to still higher duties, and under more solemn sanctions than any I have yet mentioned. You must not forget that you have a Creator to whom you are responsible, and to love whom supremely is the first law of your being: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart" is declared by the Saviour of the world to be "the first and great Commandment." Let me then fervently exhort you (perhaps it may be the last time) to make the favor of God your highest pursuit, as that only which can make you safe and happy—without which ungoverned passion and an unquiet conscience will ever disturb the serenity of your minds. As every thing which I could say on this subject has been so often repeated, permit me to close this Address with the dying testimony of two eminent men. The first is that of ARTHUR YOUNG, Esq. of England, the correspondent of Gen. WASHINGTON:

"I will not lay down the pen," says he, "without most earnestly entreating those who are but entering on life to be persuaded to pay a constant attention to the duties of Religion, especially the four great means of grace—prayer, public worship, reading the Scriptures of truth, and as much as circumstances will permit, meditating on their contents. I can with truth assure such, that when I reflect on the various errors and miscarriages of my life, previous to my mind taking a serious turn, I am

clearly convinced that I should have avoided many, had I listened with more submission to the persuasion of a most valuable and pious mother, whom I did not learn sufficiently to esteem till many years after I had lost her; and I speak thus in allusion both to temporal and eternal objects. In truth, there is but one principle that ought to govern mankind—to think, speak and act in such a manner as will please God, and to avoid all that will offend him. Oh! my young friends, let me assure you, that though I have experienced some highly flattering, and partaken of many brilliant scenes, yet would I not exchange the consolation and hope which Christianity gives me, while blind and fast descending to the grave, for the most pleasing moments of my former life, with re-juvenescence to enjoy them. The tranquility of a mind gradually reposing in the clearest hope of a better world, is an enjoyment that cannot be purchased at too dear a rate. It is not easy, sufficiently to value the peaceful close of a busy life, provided that repose is founded on the bright views of Christian hope, looking beyond the grave; the mist of doubts and perplexities dissipated before the meridian splendour of Gospel truth; the storms of life softening into silence; the delirium of pleasure and the dreams of dissipation fled, and the freed mind resigned to the dictates of reason; the wounds of conscience cured by the balm of eternal love; the heart, lacerated by the loss of those once so dear to us, in full expectation of a re-union, never more to be broken; every angry passion hushed into peace; the evils of life sunk in resignation to the divine will; the fervent desires of the renovated heart approaching the verge of never ending enjoyment; and the whole soul reposing on the bosom of a Saviour's love. These ought to be the privileges of a real Christian, and will be so in proportion to the steadiness of his faith."

The second testimony, which will close this already too long Address, is that of the late Dr. PAYSON of Portland, in the State of Maine:

"On Sabbath day, Oct. 7th, says his biographer, it was the privileged lot of the young men of the Society to assemble, at his request, in his chamber when he addressed them in substance as follows: "My young friends, you will all one day be obliged to embark on the same voyage, on which I am just embarking; and, as it has been my especial employment, during my past life, to recommend to you a Pilot to guide you through this voyage, I wished to tell you what a precious Pilot he is, that you may be induced to choose him for yours. I felt desirous that you might see that the Religion I have preached can support me in death. You know that I have many ties that bind me to earth—a family to whom

I am strongly attached, and a people whom I love almost as much. But the other world acts like a stronger magnet, and draws my heart away from this. Death comes every night and stands by my bed side in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body. These continue to grow worse and worse till every bone is almost dislocated with pain, leaving me with the certainty that I shall have it all to endure again the next night. Yet, while my body is thus tortured, the soul is perfectly, perfectly happy and peaceful—more happy than I can possibly express to you. I lie here and feel these convulsions extending higher and higher, without the least uneasiness; but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory which God pours down upon me. And I know, I *know*, that my happiness is but begun; I cannot doubt that it will last forever. And now is this all delusion? Is it a delusion which can fill the soul to overflowing with joy in such circumstances? If so, it is surely a delusion better than any reality. But no, it is not a delusion; I feel that it is not. I do not merely know that I shall enjoy all this—I enjoy it now. My young friends, were I master of the whole world, what could it do for me like this? Were all its wealth at my feet, and all its inhabitants striving to make me happy, what could they do for me? Nothing! nothing.—Now all this happiness I trace back to the Religion I have preached, and to the time when that great change took place in my heart, which I have often told you is necessary to salvation; and I now tell you again, that without this change you cannot, no, you *cannot* see the kingdom of God. And now, standing as I do, on the ridge which separates the two worlds, feeling what intense happiness or misery the soul is capable of sustaining; judging of your capacities by my own, and believing that those capacities will be filled to the very brim with joy or wretchedness forever; can it be wondered at, that my heart yearns over you, my children, that you may choose life, and not death? Is it to be wondered at, that I long to present every one of you with a full cup of happiness, and see you drink it? that I long to have you make the same choice which I made, and from which springs all my happiness? A young man about to leave the world, exclaimed thus, “The battle’s fought! The battle’s fought! The battle’s fought! but the victory is lost forever.” But I can say, the battle is fought, and the victory is *won*! The victory is won forever. I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity, and benevolence, and happiness to all eternity. And now, my children, let me bless you, not with the blessing of a poor feeble dying man, but with the blessing of the Infinite God.”



